

# The Ohio Democrat

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### POETRY.

When Eve brought me to all mankind,  
Old Adam called her wife—man  
But when she took to love so kind  
He then pronounced it too—man.  
And with folly and with pride  
Her husband's pockets trimming,  
These ladies are so full of whims,  
That people call them *whim-men*.

A *break of promise case*—A charming, bus-  
like young milliner, who had always  
the habit of tripping into a bank for  
small change, made her usual visit the other  
day, and says "Good morning, Mr. Cashier,  
I come for five dollars worth of your small  
change again."  
"I am sorry to say Miss—, that we can-  
not accommodate you," was the reply.

"Here is your promise to pay on demand,"  
said she, "cannot help that."  
"When you break your promise, do you,"  
certainly."  
"And with impunity!"  
"To be sure. Our charter allows us."  
"Allows you to make as many promises as  
please, and break them when you please?"  
"I may be so contrived."

"Dear me, how I wish I was a bank and  
you a customer!"  
"Why so?"  
"Because I have made a promise, not a  
vice to pay a five dollar note, which I  
did blush to break; but a promise of my  
self to one I do not love."  
"Why don't you break it, then?"  
"Ah, Mr. Cashier, there's the rub. Un-  
your bank, I have no charter, and should  
be for breach of promise, and heavily  
punished."  
Chicago Democrat.

The editor of the Springfield, Mass. Gaz-  
ette says:  
"We hope our readers will excuse the lack  
of editorial matter in our paper this week. It  
is not so much as far up Salt River, Ohio,  
as the fact of a party, that we have  
been obliged to attend to."

The following is taken from the National T.  
Union Journal, being an extract from Mr.  
Moore's Washington Monument Speech:

"In no instance, perhaps, was his influ-  
ence with the army so strikingly exemplified,  
as in his attack on the enemy at Trenton. O'or  
and o'or have I listened, with intense anxiety,  
in the days of my boyhood, whilst my now de-  
parted sire who fought and bled on that proud  
field, recited, with thrilling interest, all that re-  
lated to the enterprise. 'It was a December's  
night, would he say, when our little broken  
army halted on the banks of the Delaware.  
'That night' was dark, — cheerless, — tempestu-  
ous, — and bore a strong resemblance to our  
country's fortunes! It seemed as if Heaven  
and earth had considered for our destruction.  
The clouds low lowered — darkness and the  
storm came on apace. The snow and the hail  
descended, beating with unmitigated violence  
upon the supple, half-clad shivering soldier  
and in the roarings of the flood and the wailings  
of the storm, were heard by fancy's ear, the  
knell of our hopes and the dirge of liberty! The  
impetuous river was filled with floating ice, an  
attempt to cross it at that time, and under such  
circumstances, seemed a desperate enterprise;  
yet it was undertaken, and thanks to God and  
Washington, was accomplished."

"From where we landed on the Jersey shore to  
Trenton, was about nine miles, and on the  
whole line of march there was scarcely a word  
uttered, save by the officers when giving some  
order. We were well nigh exhausted, said he,  
many of us frost-bitten, and the majority of us  
badly shod, that the blood gushed from our  
frozen and lacerated feet at every tread; yet we  
unabated not, complained not, but marched  
steadily and firmly, though mournfully, onward  
resolved to persevere to the utmost; not for our  
country—our country alone we had given it up  
for lost. Not for ourselves—life for us no longer  
was a charm—but because such was the will  
of our beloved chief—'twas for Washington  
alone we were willing to make the sacrifice.  
When we arrived within sight of the ene-  
my's encampments, we were ordered to form  
a line, when Washington reviewed us. Pale  
and emaciated, dispirited and exhausted, we  
presented a most unwelcome and melancholy  
aspect. The paternal eye of our chief was quick  
to discover the extent of our sufferings, and he  
checked his emotions, he reminded us that our  
country and all we held dear was staked upon  
the coming battle. As he spoke, we began to  
gather ourselves up, and rally our energies:  
every man grasped his arms more firmly, and  
the clenched hand, and the compressed lip, and  
the radiant look, and the knit brow, told the  
soul's resolve. Washington observed us well;  
then did he exhort us with all the fervor of his  
soul. "On yonder field to conquer, or die the  
death of the brave." At that instant the glorious  
sun as if in prophetic token of our success  
burst forth in all his splendor, bathing in liquid  
light the blue hills of Jersey. The faces which  
but a few minutes before were blanched with  
despair, glowed with martial fire and animation.  
Our chief, with exultation, hailed the scene then  
casting his doubts to the winds, and calling on  
the "Gods of battles," and his faithful soldiers,  
led on the charge. The conflict was fierce and  
bloody. For more than twenty minutes, not a  
gun was fired—the sabre and the bayonet did  
the work of destruction, 'twas a hurricane of  
fire, and steel and death. There did we stand,  
[would he say] there did we stand "foot to foot  
and hand to hand," with the sarried foe! and where  
we stood we died or conquered."

TASTE.—A correct taste is ever the concom-  
itant of a chaste mind; for as a celebrated au-  
thor has justly observed, "our taste commonly  
declines with our merit." A correct taste is  
the offspring of all that is delicate in sentiment  
and just in conception; it softens the inflexibility  
of truth and decks reason in the most persuasive  
garments.

### FROM THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET, FOR SEPTEMBER. A LEAF FROM A LAWYER'S FORT FOLIO.

"Uncertainty!  
Fell demon of our fears! The human soul,  
That can support despair, supports not thee!"  
MALLORY.

### THE MURDER TALK.

I was sitting one morning at an early  
hour in my office, and had just opened  
still damp newspaper to search for  
latest news from the Chesapeake,  
and Cochran at that time was har-  
ping the coasts, burning, plundering and  
aging with a ferocity, which will  
live in the annals of posterity with  
justice upon its front, when my eyes  
suddenly fell upon the following para-  
graph, placed conspicuously near the  
head of the first column.

Dreadful Murder!—By an express  
from—, it is learned that a most horrid  
murder was committed near the town  
of C—, on Friday, the—inst.,  
upon the body of James Wilson, Esq.,  
one of our most worthy and influential  
citizens. The deceased left home in  
company with a young man named Hen-  
ry Duval, who had lately married a  
ward of our fellow townsman. The  
union, we understand, was in opposi-  
tion to her guardian's wishes, and it  
is supposed that angry altercation arose  
concerning it, between Mr. Wilson and  
the young man. High words were heard  
between them, and they were seen en-  
tering a wood, in which, on Sunday eve-  
ning the mingled body of Mr. Wilson  
was found, horribly mutilated, and so  
disfigured as scarcely to be recognised.  
The whole country is in a tumult. Such  
an excitement has not reigned in our  
district since its first settlement, the  
murderer has fled, but the proper offi-  
cers are already out in pursuit of him."

A little below was another paragraph,  
stating that the accused had been ar-  
rested the preceding evening in our city,  
and consigned to prison, denying, how-  
ever, all knowledge of the murder,  
and expressing the utmost sorrow for  
the deceased's untimely death. But  
there was no doubt, added the editor, of  
the guilt of the prisoner.

I had scarcely finished the paragraph,  
and a host of indistinct memories were  
crowded on my brain, as if at some  
time or other, I had heard the names of  
the parties, when a faint tap was heard  
at my door, and desiring the person to  
enter, a closely veiled female stole tim-  
idly into the room, and asked with a  
tremulous voice if I was Mr.—  
Wondering what her mission, at so  
early an hour could be with me, I an-  
swered in the affirmative, and desiring  
her to take a chair, waited for her to  
speak.

A more exquisitely moulded form I  
had rarely seen. It was slight, almost  
girlish, and had that peculiar delicacy  
which we call aristocratic. Her coun-  
tenance—for on taking her seat she  
had put aside her veil—was eminently  
handsome. With a fair complexion; a  
classic outline of features; a deep, blue  
eye, that seemed full of feeling; and an  
expression over all which reminded me  
of some of the sweetest of Raphael's  
faces she would, at any time, have won  
admiration for her beauty, but now there  
was something so touchingly sad in her  
looks, that I felt interested in her history  
at once. I knew that sorrow visits  
even the young and innocent, and might  
not she be one of these? Her dress,  
though studiously neat, was  
coarse, and contrasted with her man-  
ners, which were singularly refined. I  
felt with a sigh that perhaps she was  
another of the victims of misfortune, living  
in poverty the life that began in  
wealth. Is not want hard enough to  
hear even to those who are born and  
educated for it, much less to the more  
sensible still, who have been reared  
in the bosom of luxury?

"Will you please to read this note,  
sir?" said a low, tremulous, yet silvery  
voice. Starting, for I had been lost in  
thought, I bowed, and taking from her  
hand a peace of soiled and crumpled pa-  
per, apparently torn from some book and  
folded in the shape of a note, I proce-  
ded to open and read it. Its first sen-  
tence struck me dumb. I gave it word  
for word.

—Street Prison.

Dear—,  
I know not how to write to  
you. My brain is on fire. I feel as if  
in a fever. The last two hours have nearly  
drove me mad—but why delay? I am  
arrested and—good God!—on a  
charge of murder. And that too of the  
murder of my bride's guardian, Mr. Wil-  
son. Perhaps you shall have seen it in  
the papers before you get this, and  
like all the rest, may believe the tale;  
but oh! as you remember our school-  
boy days, as you value truth and hon-  
or, and justice, as you would not break  
my young wife's heart, do not believe  
the falsehood!

Come to me. I know not what to do.  
I am in prison, and ironed. Who can I  
trust? Even this I have procured with  
difficulty, and my sweet wife is the on-  
ly messenger I can rely on. I have no  
right I know, to claim your aid except

the memory of former friendship and of  
happy days spent together, but in the  
name of that do not desert me!

H. DUVAL.

The manuscript was hurriedly and  
incoherently scrawled, but at the first  
glance I recognized the hand writing of  
my school-mate, and at once it flashed  
upon me that he was the one known to  
me in the catastrophe I had just been  
reading of. And could he be guilty? I  
scouted at the idea. I had known him  
intimately for years; I had been with  
him in difficulties and dangers; in the  
labors and amusements of life; and never  
had I known a nobler heart, or one  
less likely to be guilty of such a deed.  
True, we had not met for years, and  
all correspondence had for a season  
died away, but I felt such a confidence  
in his rectitude, that I could not but  
believe him the victim either of perjury  
or mistake. All this flashed through my  
mind like lightning, and uttering a hasty  
exclamation as I finished the note, I  
looked up, and became sensible that his  
wife—for that sweet creature was in-  
deed she—had been as I read the note,  
anxiously pursuing my countenance,  
with that intensity, which a conscious-  
ness that life and death depended per-  
haps on, my determination only can  
produce.

"Can any thing be done?" she sa-  
gerly asked, losing all diffidence in the  
one engrossing thought, anxiety for her  
husband. "Oh, Mr.—, you will  
not desert us. You know that he is  
incapable of the deed, that he is too no-  
ble, too good for it; but yet, what can  
be done? I am but a poor, weak wo-  
man," she continued, while the tears,  
despite her efforts, streamed down her  
face, "and can do nothing. They will  
perhaps imprison him—they cannot do  
more. Oh! can they? But no time is  
to be lost, for they are to re-examine  
him this morning, and I was so afraid I  
should miss you, that I have been wait-  
ing up and down the street this hour,  
waiting for you to open your office. You  
will pardon my earnestness," she con-  
tinued, looking touchingly at me,  
while her eyes were suffused with tears,  
but a wife's feelings cannot be told."

I was deeply affected. I was yet a  
young man and my heart was not then  
overgrown by the cares of life. The  
perilous situation of an old, and I had  
no doubt of an innocent friend, was en-  
ough to arouse all my faculties in his  
almost heart-broken wife, I felt as if I  
could have gone to the world's end, to  
restore him to freedom and her to hap-  
piness.

I hastened to assure her that every  
faculty I was possessed of should be  
exerted in behalf of my friend and no  
doubting that the charge was exaggerated,  
comforted her by assurance of his  
speedy enlargement. "Indeed," I con-  
tinued, seeing her feelings overpowered  
her, "indeed, there is no room to fear.  
The charge will, I trust, be easily  
disproved. To-night will see your  
husband free. But now let us hasten  
to his aid," and calling a coach, I or-  
dered it to drive to the prison.

Never shall I forget the sad yet grate-  
ful smile, with which that angelic wo-  
man, thanked me for my promptness.  
It seemed as if her whole soul was wrap-  
ped up in her husband, and as if every  
moment of suspense or delay was to her  
worse than death. I would have put  
her down at her lodgings, but she could  
not be persuaded to desert him to whom  
her vows were pledged. Oh! the con-  
stancy of woman. They call this a  
dark world, but often it be so while wo-  
man's love is here!

The meeting between my old school-  
mate and myself was one of sad inter-  
est to both. As I pressed his hand a  
crowd of former memories poured like  
a flood of sunset light across my soul.  
For a moment we forgot all but the past.  
But then came the terrible conscious-  
ness of the present, of the ignominy of  
Duval's situation, and the perils that  
threatened to break his poor wife's  
heart. One brief word, one hasty as-  
surance of my friendship, and of my  
confidence in his innocence, was all the  
time permitted us. He said nothing,  
for the jailer entered to conduct  
him before the committing magistrate,  
but I could see that he turned his head  
aside to brush away a tear, and here,  
as he pressed my hand, the fervent  
exclamation, "Thank God!" I would  
not have given that one moment for the  
richest hour ambition ever had.

With much difficulty his sweet wife  
was persuaded not to accompany us to  
the police office, where a re-examination  
was to be given to the prisoner before  
his final commitment to answer before  
his fellow men for the awful crime of  
murder. As it is necessary for the uni-  
ty of my story, I will premise the cir-  
cumstances of his marriage as I sub-  
sequently learned them, both from his  
own lips, and during the course of the  
examination.

In the village of—, though cele-  
brated for its female beauty, there was  
no one to rival Mary Symmes, the ward  
of the wealthy Mr. Wilson. Even when  
I first beheld her, and when sorrow had

made sad havoc with her countenance,  
she was still eminently handsome; and  
more exquisite expressions I never saw  
in any human face. She was an or-  
phan. Her father dying left her under  
the care of his friend, bequeathing her  
a large fortune, with the very common,  
though single provision, that she should  
not marry without the consent of her  
guardian. Beautiful, accomplished,  
heirless, she had no sooner entered so-  
ciety, than her hand became the prize  
for which wealth and family contended.  
But to her suitors she was indifferent.  
They amused her leisure, but they touch-  
ed not her heart. Conscious of feel-  
ings not according to every one, she  
looked for some kindred spirit who  
might love with intensity equal to her  
own. From the crowd she started a  
way, wearing with their smiles and sym-  
paties. She longed to be  
loved, not for her fortune, but for her-  
self; and when, at last, she met Henry  
Duval, had listened to his high and  
lofty aspirations, she felt, before they  
had known each other a week, that her  
destiny was woven with his. In one  
short word they loved. Little did they  
think in the guilelessness of first affec-  
tion, that woe, and sorrow, and misery  
should yet fill his cup to the brim. But  
the web of fate was already woven.

Henry Duval was indeed, a being  
to be loved. Frank, generous, and con-  
fiding, with a fine person and noble air;  
possessed of talents as brilliant as they  
were varied, with a mind disciplined by  
study and enlarged by travel, the fasci-  
nation of his conversation and the open-  
ness of his heart, fixed the admiration  
which his address was calculated to ex-  
cite. He was just such a being as one  
of the fine sensibilities would imagine,  
and it is to be wondered that Mary  
Symmes reciprocated his affection? It  
never occurred to her that his poverty  
was, in her guardian's eyes, an insepa-  
rable bar to their union; and when Mr.  
Wilson, at last aware of the danger of  
further intimacy between his ward and  
Henry Duval, and forbidding the latter his  
house, the beautiful heiress for the first  
time woke to the consciousness of her  
situation. She knew her father's will,  
and that she would be penniless if she  
married without the guardian's consent.  
But it was too late. The evening walks  
and daily meetings which the guard  
had overlooked, had proved too much  
for the lovers' young and susceptible  
hearts, and already had those vows,  
that Mary felt that only death could  
break, been exchanged between them.  
Their troth was pledged to each other  
it was perhaps hasty, it may be repre-  
hensible; but who in ardor of youth can  
resist the desire to hear they are beloved?  
Oh! there is nothing like a pure young heart!  
Woe, misery, and shame may come, age may  
dim our eye, and silver our hairs; all  
that once thrilled us may pass away, and  
be no more remembered; but never even  
in the darkest hour, shall the first whis-  
pered confession of our early love be  
forgotten.

The history of the heart is short, and  
soon told. Love, when it has gone so  
far, is only heightened by opposition.  
They were married. For the first time  
that lovely girl disobeyed her guardian,  
and amid her anger and maledictions  
went forth from his door—a wife. But  
she was happy. In the presence of him  
she loved she could forget fortune,  
friends, flatterers, and all. She trusted  
too that her guardian would relent.  
Poor thing how she deceived herself.  
Her letters were returned unopened,  
and she herself spurned from his pres-  
ence. Their future history was that of  
hundreds before and since. Poverty  
began to lower around them. The ut-  
most exertions of her husband, oppos-  
ed as he scarcely sufficed to win the  
necessaries much less those superflu-  
ities of life which habit had made invalu-  
able. As a last resort he removed to the  
city; but his pride forbade him to seek  
his old acquaintances. At this time it  
was that our correspondence ceased,  
and I lost all knowledge of him. Here  
too he fell sick; what began already to  
haunt his lovely dwelling, and to strip  
it of its last few comforts. Yet in that  
dreadful winter, his lovely wife was an  
angel from Heaven. Friendless and  
alone, almost without means of sympathy,  
deserted by all who had formerly  
crowded around her, she maintained  
herself for four weary months on the  
profits of her mother's long cherished  
jewelry, watching day and night,  
through cold and sickness, over the  
fevered bed of her husband.

At last he recovered, but it was only  
to shudder at the prospects before him.  
He was yet too weak to earn a suste-  
nance, and his pride revolted at apply-  
ing to strangers for relief. He saw  
his wife grow paler and paler, yet with-  
out a murmur or a tear: he felt that she  
had watched over his illness till death  
had almost made her his own, and as  
he strained her wildly to his bosom, he  
resolved to make one last effort to move  
his guardian, even at the price of leav-  
ing her forever. He made a pretence  
one day that he had been summoned

on an offer of business to the country,  
and stealing from her hastened to—,  
and, by accident, met Mr. Wilson just  
as he reached the village. But he was  
pitiless. Stung by his injustice, the  
young man with an anguished heart,  
had left him at the entrance of a wood  
which skirted the town, and, almost  
mad with his gloomy prospects, set out  
that very night for the city. To his as-  
tonishment, in a few days the officers  
of justice arrested him for the murder  
of his wronger—Mr. Wilson had not  
been seen since their interview; a dead  
body supposed to be his was found in  
the wood, and every circumstance point-  
ed to the incoherent epistle which his sweet  
wife had brought to me.

We were now at the magistrate's of-  
fice. After much pompous and well  
feigned concern for my client, he pro-  
ceeded to hear the evidence against the  
prisoner. It was terribly strong. The  
interview, the altercation, the place  
where they were last seen, as well as  
the finding of the body, and the singu-  
larly concurring departure of Duval,  
were all incontestably proved. The  
prisoner, however, admitted at once ev-  
ery thing up to their parting at the  
wood. There was a frankness about  
him which predisposes all in his fa-  
vor, but few were strangers to his char-  
acter could resist the chain of presum-  
ptive testimony adduced against him. I  
saw that one by one the countenances  
of the spectators grew more expressive  
of his guilt, and my heart died within  
me as I beheld it. I arose examined  
every witness; searchingly and siftingly,  
—but in vain. All I could elicit fa-  
vorably to my client was a want of cer-  
tainty in one or two witnesses as to  
the identity of the body, and the seem-  
ingly valueless information that Mr.  
Wilson had left home on horseback, to  
proceed some miles down the bay, and  
that on that very day several hours la-  
ter, the British forces under Cochran,  
had landed and burned the village. The  
magistrate commended my zeal, but  
smiled when I dwelt on the possibility  
of Mr. Wilson being still alive and a  
prisoner with the enemy. I saw that  
all was over. Duval was fully com-  
mitted.

When I broke the news to his poor  
wife and she fell senseless to the floor,  
I thought that her eyes were never again  
to open upon the woes of life. But it  
was not thus to be. She recovered  
and many a day of suspense and agony  
crept by, while her cheek paled, and her  
eyes grew dim, and her heart was slowly  
breaking. Oh, God! that such misery  
should ever blight the fair and young.

Well, time passed on. I never for a  
moment doubted my friend's innocence  
but there was a mystery connected with  
the transaction I in vain endeavored to  
unravel. The story of Duval I believed  
implicitly, but how could it be sub-  
stantiated? I called in the aid of the  
most eminent criminal lawyer at that  
time at the bar, and we labored, though  
in vain, till the day of the trial; to ac-  
count for the disappearance of Mr. Wil-  
son. My colleague was baffled for  
once. I knew not, but it seemed to me  
at times, as if even he doubted the in-  
nocence of Duval. The horizon grew  
dark and gloomier as days rolled by.

Yet never for a moment, from the first  
hour I met him, did my client lose the  
calm self collectedness of his manner.  
He felt that man had left him, that his  
name was every where loaded with sus-  
picion and shame, and that unjustly and  
wantonly he was outlawed from the hu-  
man race; yet with the proud loftiness  
of his character, wrapping himself up in  
the consciousness of innocence, he sat  
low prepared for either fortune. His  
face before him dark and ignomin-  
ious perhaps, but to be borne without re-  
pining. At times, however when gaz-  
ing on the pale face of his wife, he  
would turn his head away to hide a mo-  
mentary tear. He met obloquy and  
danger with defying scorn, but his stern  
soul melted before a woman's uncon-  
solating tears. Yet though he strove to  
hide it, anguish was eating out his  
heart. Like Prometheus, tied to the  
rock, the undying vulture was preying  
upon his vitals.

I remember one night in particular.  
His lovely wife was seated after much  
solicitation, for an hour's ride with one  
of my female friends. The chamber  
was of stone, gloomy, damp, uncom-  
fortable and lighted by a narrow grated  
window, through which the rays of the  
setting sun calmly stole, falling on the  
cold pavement and playing uneasily on  
the wall as if they felt it was no spot  
for them. Duval had been pacing up  
and down the room with rapid strides,  
conversing upon the progress of our en-  
quiries, and ever and anon pausing a  
moment to cast a glance over the pros-  
pective hill, and wood, and stream, that  
flooded in a summer sunset, opened a  
way through the narrow casement. As  
the cool breeze wanted over the  
brow, pleasantly lifting the dark  
from his forehead, it seemed as if  
some mysterious association  
of joy and of sorrow

stealing over his soul. For some mo-  
ments he paused by the window, silent  
and absorbed. The hour and the mem-  
ories of childhood softened him, and for  
the first time the whole current of  
his feelings found vent.

Conclusion next week.

BURIED LOVE.—JEALOUSY.—The fol-  
lowing exquisitely beautiful piece of de-  
scription, is from the pen of Mr. N. P.  
Willis. We do not know that it has  
ever before been published:

"I have read of one in story who had  
laid his young love in the grave. The  
seasons came and went and he found a  
melody in nature's going on. And a  
sweet cousin's voice that tempted him  
into the sunshine of their air, became  
the music of his happiness. One morn-  
ing she was awake, and gazed on his fea-  
tures, as the moon shone brightly  
through the casement on them; a large  
tear stole from his eye, and in the low  
murmur of his dream she caught the  
name of the departed. He awoke, and  
she reproached him tearfully with love  
kept secrets in his heart; and then he  
kissed her tears away, and told her that  
his love was faithful to her own-though  
in dreams sometimes an angel came to  
him and awoke a buried thought of one  
as beautiful."

THE SIOUX AND CHIPPEWAS.—Their  
Battle ground. The following extract is from  
a letter to the editor of the Ohio Statesman. It  
portrays in glowing colors, the remains of sa-  
vage barbarity:

"Some few days after the slaughter, at the  
head of Lake St. Croix, I started on a tour to the  
battle ground. Leaving St. Peters, in about  
twelve or fifteen miles, we reached the Little  
Crow Village. It was from this spot that one  
of the Siouxs, each with his gun and ammu-  
nition about him—occasionally tied up ready for  
a start at a moment's warning—with faces com-  
pletely blacked for war, and long hair hanging  
disheveled over their shoulders, they were a  
devilish looking set. Drawn up upon the shore  
were the bark canoes which they had taken  
from the Chippewas; and before each lodge,  
stretched out in order, were the long dead  
ling, bloody-haired scalps with gouts of blood  
standing yet red upon them; which they had  
torn from the heads of their enemies. It was a  
horrid sight—these fleshy scalps stretched out in  
the sun to dry!

On reaching the vicinity of the battle field,  
our attention was first directed to the spot by the  
naked poles of the wigwags, which were yet  
flapping portions of the birchen bark which had  
formerly covered them. Clothes and Indian gar-  
ments strewn the ground or scattered from the  
limbs of the trees, upon which, in the struggle,  
they had perhaps been thrown. It was a sin-  
gular spectacle indeed. On the high bluff in  
the background yet fluttered a torn American  
Flag: attached to it hung an Indian blanket. On  
the ground were to be seen blood-stained knives  
feathers and other Indian trappings. The whit-  
ened bones of the murdered, over which even  
now the hungry wolf had crunched his jaws,  
told how men as brutes had met together in  
worse than brutal carnage. Death reigned in  
solenn stillness as the battle closed, as they lay,  
age, sex and condition. I took some beads from  
about the neck of a mother-and from the body  
of an infant just lying by as if having died on its  
mother's breast, drew the arrow which sent it  
to its dreamless sleep. No coffin enclosed the  
lifeless limbs. No friend had smoothed a pil-  
low for the dead. Father and son there had  
died—there did rot. The maiden and her lov-  
er mingled together in nauseating remnants.  
The smile had withered from the lifeless jaw,  
and amid the nauseating form of what was once  
youth, grace and beauty—the worm revelled in  
a decaying banquet. The winds moaned for  
a requiem, and the owl, sole mourner over  
the scene, had caught the last death groan as the  
ebbing spirit fled to the God that gave. All was  
ruin—decay—death!"

### REAL KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

Bishop Reynolds, very truly and beautifully  
remarks that "a believer, though he be ignorant  
of other learning, yet by a knowledge of Christ,  
will be a blessed man, whereas all the learning  
in the world without this will leave a man mis-  
erable. To know the whole creation, and be  
ignorant of the Creator—to know all his histo-  
ries and antiquities, and to be unacquainted with  
our own hearts—to be good logicians to other  
purposes, and in the mean time to be cheated  
by Satan with paralogisms in the business of  
our salvation to be powerful orators with men,  
and never prevail with God—to abound with  
worldly wisdom, and to be destitute of that  
of God which maketh wise unto salvation, is  
but a better kind of refined misery; that  
leaves more learning than all this, and  
and damned forever."  
Leland's Catechism.

THE PHILOSOPHER OUTRAGED.—The  
learned philosopher being very busy in his study,  
a little girl came to ask for some fire-wood. En-  
tering the study, she saw nothing in the room, other  
than as he was going to fetch some-thing for her  
purpose, the little girl stooped down to keep the  
fireplace, and taking some cold victuals, she  
hand, she put live embers on them, and set them  
on fire. The astonished Doctor then, when he re-  
turned, seeing, with his learning, the already ex-  
tinguished fire, he said, "I have found that the  
philosopher should be a philosopher."

MOTHER WIT.—"Well, effort should be  
made, or have you seen that the mother of a boy  
or the bill of the world?"

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